

Never Again Will I...

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Done with the Feudal Era, Kagome wwent back to home only to find tha she had been excepted to the prestigeious Ouran high. She makes new friends, enemies, and ultimately, a new love... InuOuran crossover KagKyo

By MasterBakatate-san

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1 - ...Change Schools

MasterBakatare

October 2007

Location: My Sanctuary

MB: My school friends keep singing Beautiful Girl (what the heck!?) and that other one involving Superman& No offence to those whom actually *like* those songs, but I m a relic& I suppose you could say&

MB: Now, down to business. Here is my first in the ha, ha, Kagome just keeps getting paired up with people saga& This will include five other stories& or something like that anyway& I should just make these all one-shots& It ll be faster& I don t think I ve completed a story in fewer than 10 Microsoft word pages& Ugh& Maybe next time&

MB: BOOK NEWS!! Hey! What happened to you peoples convincing me not to write a book!?! I m already on chapter FOUR!! I hope that you realize that I wasn t kidding when I asked you to stop me! WELL, I WASN T! So, MEH to you all&

MB: grumble on with the story grumble

Thoughts

Never again will I&

Chapter 1: &Change Schools

What the CRAP!?! You can afford that much!?! A shout shook the house causing all in it to cringe.

Well, honey, a calmer voice began, actually, we managed to get you a scholarship& I figured since& It s all over, you should go back to school& and, well, when you took the exams, it turns out that you qualified for a scholarship&

The distressed girl rubbed her temples, taking in what the older woman had just announced. She was going to *Ouran* High& The event that she thought to be totally implausible had occurred.

What the hell& Just as long as I don t have to wear those hideous girls uniform&

Her mother gulped. Well, actually, my musume, we couldn t afford the expense of the uniform& But your uncle has a son going there. And, well, I m not sure if he knew of your gender& I took the liberty in packing you the male s uniform, as I m sure you would not fancy wearing something as hideous as the women s uniform&

He brother laughed. Kagome just cut her hair too! She s totally gonna look like a DUDE!

Kagome stuck her tongue out indignantly, Bakatara, I have this female part called *breasts*. I swear sometimes you do these things just to annoy me!

Her mother nervously coughed, you may just have to keep those parts under wrap so to speak& The uniform might not fit otherwise& Kagome s eyes widened marginally.

NO. WAY. I really *will* look like a dude!

Mrs. Higurashi shrugged, sending her daughter an apologetic look.

Kuso& Well, as long as no females ask me out, I ll be fine& I *suppose*&

Kagome grabbed her suitcase by the door and saluted in a military fashion. See you in two years!

Her family watched, and her mother teared, wishing that her father had lived long enough to watch his grandchild go off like this to such a prestigious school.

When Kagome reached her new apartment after a long taxi ride she smiled. An elevator! She would no longer have to go up a seemingly endless amount of stairs.

As she walked into her apartment, she sighed. Her school was only a block away, but she was on the top floor of a twenty-one story apartment complex.

Thank the gods for elevators& I wouldn t make it otherwise&

She stretched out and began unpacking. It hadn t even been ten minutes, when a knock came on her door. She cocked her head slightly, wondering who it could be.

She undid the latches keeping the door locked and turned the knob hesitantly, before fully opening the door. She gasped. It was a boy& about her age too! But why was he cloaked on such a hot day?

Sumimasen, may I help you? She felt calmer, as the person let himself in silently. I apologize for the mess, I m unpacking at the moment and everything is in a big mess&

Hello miss, you may refer to me as Nekozaawa. Would you mind if I closed the blinds& Suddenly it hit Kagome; Nekozaawa was the name on the apartment! He was probably the manager s son or something& She was taken aback when the strange boy took out a sort of a cat-shaped hand puppet and preceded to glide over to her, heh, heh, heh& now, dear woman& What I really came here for! I sensed that my parents had let a strong aura live in our apartment& So I came to check it out! What, may I ask, kind of power do you hold?

Kagome looked him and decided since he knew already; she may as well toy with him. She grinned evilly, letting her powers consume her. When she opened her eyes, they were consumed with a bright light, The worst kind of powers, I am afraid& I could easily condemn you past the seventh layer of hell&

She saw the boy bow low.

My mistress! How long I have waited to meet someone of your stature! Such power flows through you! Please! Take me to be your disciple!

Kagome absorbed her powers back into her body and giggled, I was just joking silly! Although I could purify you if I wished& Anyway, I am known as Higurashi, Kagome, but please, just call me Kagome!

Nekozawa looked up. You are going to go to Ouran, are you not? She nodded, Then, you *must* join the Black Magic club& You ll fit right in&

Well, actually, I wasn t thinking of any clubs this year& Even though I *will* be a junior&

Nekozawa slipped past the door, Just think about it&

Kagome nodded, knowing that he couldn t see her and turned back to her pile of boxes. She sighed. Maybe Ouran High wouldn t be *too* bad&

END

MB: Is it possible to have writers block on the first chapter? Cause I sure did& Sorry if anyone is out of character& What can I say& Homework is hard& Grr&

2 - ...Play the Flute

MasterBakatare

November 2007

Next to my guitar eating a bag of cheetos

MB: Meep meepmeep meep meep& Day after thanksgiving! Happiness!

MB: BOOK NEWS!! Chapter 5 is currently three pages& how lame&

MB: *grumble* on with the story *grumble*

Disclaimer: I do not own anything from either Inuyasha or Ouran High School Host Club& Though I am in high school&

Thoughts

Never again will I&

Chapter 2: & Play the Flute

Damned high school& Freaking concert band& Screw art credits& Kagome complained as she gripped the handle of her flute. She was trying to find her way to the band room. She looked up, disgruntled, Third music room& Well, it sure wasn't the freaking first or second, so may as well try this one&

She opened the door to be met with the light fragrance of spring flowers. What the hell!

Why, you are no fair maiden coming to explore the darkest depths of our vampire cove!

Freaking HELL no! Why the hell would I want to see some random upperclassmen and underclassmen dressed up in some fake fangs! I'm just looking for the band meeting!
Kagome looked up to see the boy in a corner in the fetal position, seemingly mourning some kind of loss. Excuse me, a calmer voice began, I believe that the band room is down the hall& And don't worry about him, he throws these temper tantrums quite often. Kagome looked slightly down.

You're a girl. She announced tentatively. She glanced up again, the lights having been turned on. She was met with the faces of the whole host club, staring at her like she had grown a second head. Well, she *is*& Oh! I see; you're trying to *hide* it& Not very smart if you ask me, someone will find out eventually& Don't worry, though. I won't tell a soul, though I do know quite a few&

How did you know? The voice asked timidly, I mean, no one else can, so what tipped you off?

I'm surprised you're giving into the fact that I know early on! Well, that just shows that you probably

aren't doing this willingly, are you? The girl shook her head. Well, to start off, what's your name?

F-fujioka, Haruhi.

Ah! You're Ranka's child, nee? Yes, well, in all truths, I too am a female. The blonde haired boy, who apparently crawled out of his corner, grabbed her by the hands.

Why do you wear the men's garments instead of the females, and how do you know Haruhi!?!?

Err& Well, my name is Higurashi, Kagome. I am a Junior here, and my uncle has his son going here. I believe his name is Tamaki& or something like that& Uncle's a real goof& They all tensed again, but ignoring it, she continued, I didn't like the female uniform& the strange color just didn't mesh with my soul& I sound like a weirdo, I know. It used to work& Damned gold. And Haruhi, your mother's service was at my family shrine. Her eyes softened a bit.

Gazing over the utterly confused group, she assessed their auras. The newly identified *girl*, Haruhi had a pleasant aura, which at the moment was rather pale from shock. There was a taller man whose aura was neutral, and Kagome sensed amusement. A smaller boy rode on his back, and she was utterly confounded by it. It seemed almost TOO bright. She wondered how he could be so happy. The rude boy's aura was nearly white, a sign of shock and happiness, though she could see a tint of chartreuse, signifying that he was rather up tight and self-conscious. The last boy, who seemed the *most* affected by her, stared directly into her eyes as she assessed him. She liked that he wore glasses. Even his aura appeared to have glasses in a way. It was a dark aura and at the same time, somewhat pure.

The rude boy spoke up, Does& Does your cousin's last name happen to be Suoh?

Yeah! Kagome yelped, breaking out of her trance, Do you know him?

T-that's *me*& Her mouth dropped open and she nearly fell backwards. She was caught by none other than Nekozaawa. Kagome heard Tamaki yelp. N-nekozawa-sempai! Unhand my dear cousin!

Both he and Kagome burst out laughing. Please! The cloaked boy chortled, Like I could do anything to harm her! I bet none of you could even touch her, let alone hurt her! They continued to laugh, and the host club continued to stare.

Please excuse us, it's an inside joke.

Nekozaawa tilted his head in blatant confusion, No, I wasn't kidding! I-mrph! Kagome clapped her hand over the young man's mouth and laughed nervously before dragging him to the corner that Tamaki usually occupied.

You can't tell them! She hissed, They don't know, and they're gonna think I'm a freak if I do! How many people have you seen that can make their eyes glow!?! She illuminated them on purpose, and Nekozaawa gulped nervously. Promise not to tell them?

Risk my magic and hope to lose Bereznoff! She nodded, knowing that that was about the best promise she could get from the boy. Nekozaawa proceeded to glide out of the room, calming the other occupants

of the room.

They traveled back to the others. Now, why is it that Haruhi is here, and who are you all?

Well, glasses answered, my name is Kyouya Ohtori; the tall one is Takashi Morinozuka, we just call him Mori; the boy riding on Mori's back is Mitsukuni Hanninozuka, we call him Hunny; and you know Haruhi and Tamaki. Haruhi is here to pay a debt for a vase that she dropped that was supposed to be a part of the school auction.

Kagome shook her head, You boys are too harsh. However expensive the vase may be, that is no reason to overwork her! I am ashamed of you all! She had her hand on her hip and was wagging her finger at them.

Actually, Kagome-sempai, I don't mind doing this at all& Kagome looked at her incredulously.

That's surprising, I suppose. Although, I must ask, do you need any help with anything? If it can help rid you of debt before you're sixty?

Tamaki's eyes lit up, You could help Haru-chan host!

Well, you wouldn't wish to inconvenience her& Haruhi tried to coax Tamaki to abandon the idea.

That is an *interesting* idea.

The small boy, now known as Hunny, spoke up, Yeah! Wouldn't that be *fun* Gome-chan!

Gome-chan, huh? I like that nickname, Hanninozuka-sempai! Ohtori-san you seem like the finances guy& How much would Fujioka-san's debt be lowered if I helped?

Kyouya raised a brow. No one had ever pegged him *that* quickly before. Well, Kagome, the debt would be reduced by half.

Good. She said with firm resolve, Let me help!

Haruhi smiled. Someone to help her with her debt! She had already decided to stay with the Host Club no matter what, but the thought of clearing her debt was nice too. Thank you Kagome-sempai.

The woman shook her head, No, no! Please, just Kagome! A strange look crossed her face, Could this count as my art credit?

Tamaki looked puzzled, No, why?

Because I just missed band. She replied flatly.

That's okay, Gome-chan! That just means you can get dressed!

I suppose so& But does that mean you have an extra costume?

Well& Kyouya began tentatively, a glimmer in his eye, we do have *one* costume&

Great! They handed her the costume. She blanched, Maybe NOT so great.

Kagome changed and stepped out of the room. I freaking look like a freaking *ookami!* She mumbled to herself. She had a tail and a headband on the top of her head with a set of fangs as well. The costume, overall, really was like Kouga s.

We got it from an ancient drawing. Kyouya stated.

You sure freaking *did*.

The costume they had left was a Lycan. Kouga would have been proud.

END

MB: Meh? Tell me if something with all of the facts aren t lined up.

Much appreciated!
-Masterakatare-san

3 - ...Eat Cake

MasterBakatare

December 2007

In thy room-eth (suppose to be sleeping)

MB: I love the Beatles& I have over 250 Beatles songs on my iPod&

MB: Meh.

Disclaimer: I do not own anything from either Inuyasha or Ouran High School Host Club& Though I am in high school&

Thoughts

Never Again Will I&

Chapter 3: &Eat Cake

Kagome sighed, sitting in her chair lazily, eyes closed. Gome-chan! Gome-chan! Come sit with Takashi and me! The girl opened one eye and gazed over at the senior who was calling her. She pushed herself out of the chair, making it as though a big effort.

Yes, Hanninozuka-sempai? What can I do for you? Kagome was still rather uncomfortable in the wolf suit; it brought back too many bitter memories.

I wanted to know if you wanted to sit and have cake with us? The older boy looked at her with wide pleading eyes. He may have been older, but he reminded her of Shippo. Especially because of his sweet tooth.

Sure, Hanninozuka-sempai, why not. The fair-haired boy smiled at her and handed her a slice of the sweet cake. Thank you. She responded politely.

The girls sitting around them giggled, Who are you? One managed to ask, her face rather red.

She was about to answer but heard her cousin s voice interrupt her. This is my *favorite* cousin and new Host Club member, Kagome Higurashi! Doesn t he look wonderful in his lycan garments? It suits him perfectly!

Ooh! Most of the girls squealed, He does look *absolutely* adorable!

Kagome grumbled, disgruntled that all of this attention had been directed to her. She looked toward Haruhi warily. *How does she do this on a regular basis?* She wondered.

Your cousin? One gasped. All the others gasped, That s so *cool*!

Uh& I guess it s okay&I don t really know Tamaki-san, though. I just found out he was my cousin today& And I m pretty sure I m his *only* cousin. Kagome looked bored.

Yes, Tamaki said nervously, as if treading on thin ice, he s just watching today.

Ooh! A flute! *Damn! They noticed.* Play something, Kagome-san! It seemed the whole club was focused on her at that point.

Yes, yes! Please play something, Gome-chan! Takashi and I would *love* to hear you play! Wouldn t it be cool, Takashi?

The taller boy nodded in automatic agreement with his cousin. Kagome glared at him, but she couldn t tell if he cared or not.

Growling, she obediently took out her flute. Connecting the head joint and the body of the together with expert skill, she sighed in defeat.

Placing the instrument to her lips lightly, she blew a soft note, attempting to mentally tune her flute. Once she was satisfied, she closed her eyes and began to blow, letting her fingers automatically reach notes. She hadn t played in a while and loved to improvise, so she decided to work around a Bb concert scale.

She opened her eyes as she stopped playing; everything had gotten too quiet. She looked at them all questioningly, What? Was I flat or something?

That seemed to break everyone out of their trance. All of the girls, once again, squealed loudly. Oh, Kagome-chan! Tamaki ran over and latched onto her, My dearest cousin! That was *amazing*!

Kagome swatted him away angrily. I don t care if you re my cousin or not, you *don t* touch me like that.

Thanks for the cake, Hanninozuka-sempai, I think I ll just go back to the window now& The teen smiled over at her brightly. Walking back to her original post, she yawned and closed her eyes, crossing her arms and her ankles. Soon enough, she was asleep like before the whole cake incident, as she would furthermore refer to it as, happened.

At the end of the hosting session, Kyouya woke her up. Kagome-san, it seems that you truly attracted attention to yourself today. A lot of our customers today requested that they sit with you tomorrow. Your flute playing was phenomenal, I must say. Though, weren't your fangs in the way?

Not even bothering to open her eyes, Kagome answered him, I just hope this helps Fujioka-san eliminate her debt& And, no, the fangs presented no problem, although, I did cut my lip slightly. See you tomorrow. I have to meet up with Nekoza-wa-chan. I *do* gotta change first& Kyouya winced at the way she so familiarly referred to the Black Magic user as well as her bad use of grammar. Not even bothering to go to the changing room, she slipped on her pants under the (faux) fur pelt (MB: she was also wearing shorts under, I assure you) and pulled the cloth off.

Everyone in the club seemed to pause awkwardly. What? She asked for what seemed like the billionth time that day, I'm changing. Got a problem with that? Not like you're gonna see anything& she mumbled. She pulled off the furry gauntlets and ankle protectors and unbuckled the armor around her chest. Everyone looked away as she did so, Idiots. There's a reason I am able to wear the stupid men's uniform. I have to wear this wrap thing, so you're not gonna see anything. None listened, all seemingly glued to their spots as she changed the rest of her clothes.

Freaking morons& She growled as she headed toward the door. Suddenly, a looming presence came through the door. Kagome perked up immediately, Neko-zawa-chan! How are you! How was the Black Magic club meeting? She went and hugged him, much to the displeasure of Tamaki. The cloaked figure blushed and rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly.

I-it went well, mistress-OW! Kagome proceeded to give him a good knock on the noggin.

It's Kagome, *remember?* She narrowed her eyes dangerously.

Of course, *Kagome*. He emphasized her name so to appease her. All went well, and I am doing fine, thank you.

She smiled at him and dragged him out of the room, excitedly talking about the contents of the meeting.

The Host Club members were all quiet for a brief minute. Tamaki, Kaoru said, breaking the silence, your cousin is kind of a *weirdo*&

Yeah. Agreed Hikaru, *very* weird.

Haruhi turned to them, No, I don't think she's *weird*. I think she is just& shutting herself out from the world& *isolating* herself. I can see it in her eyes. Very shielded. Almost like she is afraid of something.

Kyouya looked at the girl curiously. She *did* seem to have a point, though, Neko-zawa-sempai must have done *something* to make her more open around him, though. The analytical junior only stated the obvious, but it seemed that a new weight had been added Tamaki's shoulders.

She's my cousin. He stated weakly, flopping into a chair. I want to get to know her&

Haruhi went over to the self-proclaimed king and placed a gentle hand on his shoulder, I'm sure you'll get to know her eventually, Tamaki-sempai. Just give it time& I'm sure it will work out in the end! She gave him a small smile before excusing herself, saying that there was a produce sale she wished to attend.

A light bulb seemed to go off in Tamaki's eyes. I got it! We could spy on her! Hunny looked slightly apprehensive.

But Tama-chan& Wouldn't that be invading her personal space?

The Host club members all stared at their King. Well& It wouldn't be if& He seemed to contemplate

something, one of you& he hesitated ever so slightly, took her out on a date& Kyouya gazed at his friend apprehensively. It would have to be Kyouya. He stated, firm in resolve, I'm her cousin, and I think that Kyouya would be able to catch onto things any one of you might not. So, Kyouya, would you take my cousin on a date?

The Ohtori was shocked into silence. His heart (for whatever reason) seemed to beg him to say yes, while his brain, logically, told him to say no. He nodded unconsciously, it appeared as if his heart had won the internal battle.

He didn't seem to hear Hikaru and Kaoru's snide remarks, teasing the ice prince, as they insisted on calling him. He *did*, however, manage to hear that after the date, which *he* would be initiating, he was to tell them anything and *everything* that happened.

Sitting there aloofly, the stoic junior sighed in acceptance for the job he had just (unknowingly) agreed to.

END

MB: Meh& Bad chapter& sorry& rather short too& all of 'em are, I guess&

MB: Oh, and I realize that the Japan High Schools are on a different schedule of sorts. Ninth grade is considered still considered middle school, and tenth is where high school starts& Oh, well& that's okay, I guess& meh.